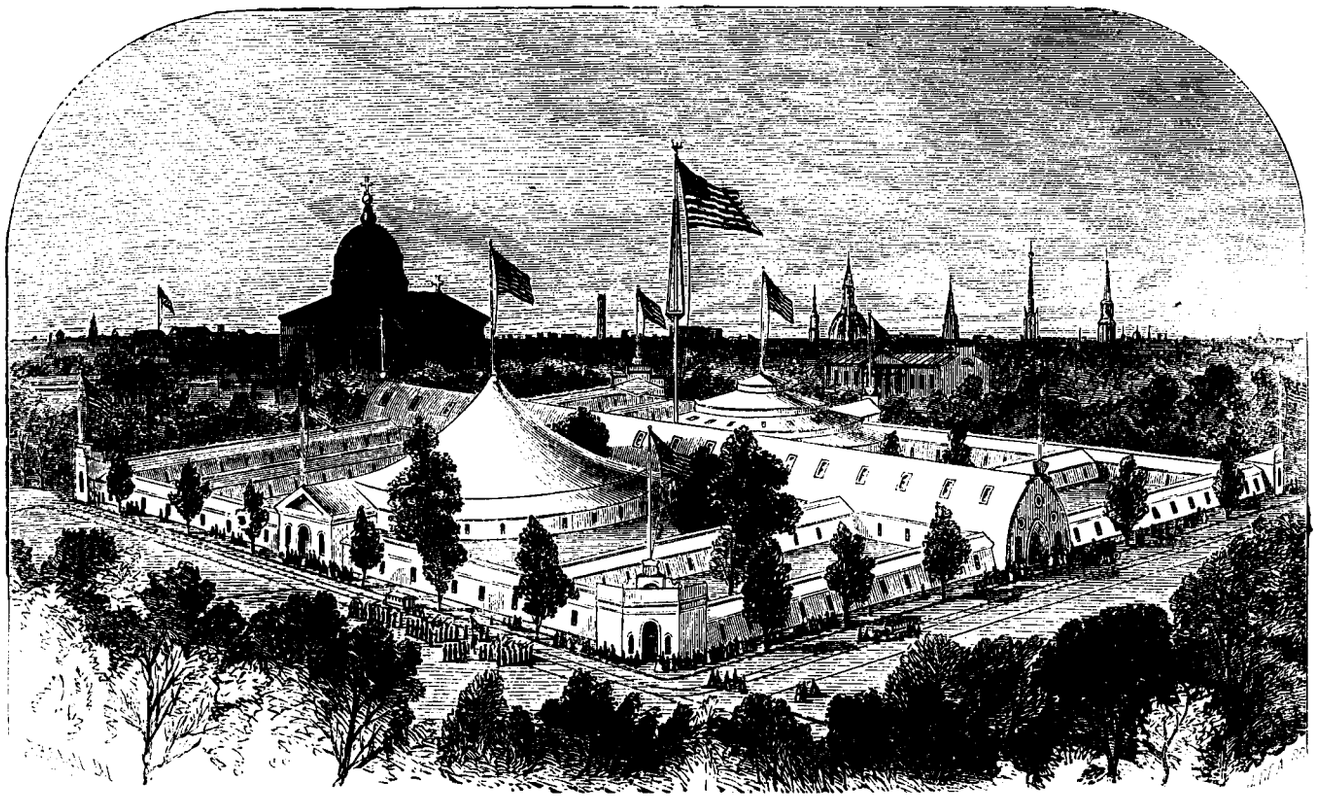

GREAT CENTRAL FAIR BUILDINGS,

Logan Square, Philadelphia, June, 1864.

The artist who prepared the above cut of the outside of the Great Central Fair Buildings in Logan Square, specially for the pages of "OUR DAILY FARE," has done his work so well as to leave but little room for description or explanation. The thoroughfares which form the extreme foreground of the picture are Nineteenth and Vine Streets. The door of entrance nearest to the person examining the picture is at the northwest corner of the Square, and the perspective sweeps in a southerly and eastwardly direction over the roofs and spires of the city. The noble structure which looms up in the background, upon the left hand side of the picture, is the Cathedral of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, the finest specimen of church architecture in the city. On the southern side of the Fair Ground, Wills' Hospital "for the Halt and the Blind" will be seen; while those who are familiar with our local landmarks will readily recognize in the distance the spires of Saint Mark's Church, the West Arch Street Presbyterian Church, and of the Baptist Church on West Chestnut Street. These are only the most prominent points in the grand panorama which includes within its sweep fully one-half of the city, with nine-tenths of its commerce, trade and wealth. The gothic structure which runs from east to west and intersects the Square is Union Avenue, a noble hall which is worthy of the name it bears; at this writing, it contains more splendid wares, and more magnificent groupings of the emblems of patriotism and loyalty than can be found in any single apartment in the country. From its centre rises a mammoth flag-staff, 216 feet high, from the summit of which waves a magnificent specimen of the Stars and Stripes.

On the left of Union Avenue is a canopied structure which is also surmounted with a flag. This is the Horticultural Department, where, amid a world of floral sweets, a fountain is in constant play, rendering the perfumed air delightfully cool and pleasant. Between art and nature, rare plants, and plashing waters, scenic effects, bright lights and brighter eyes, the Horticultural Department becomes mimic fairy-land, and the visitor almost fears to see the bright picture melt away like a pleasant dream that is too delightful for reality.

Upon the opposite side of Union Avenue, is another circular building, which is occupied as a Restaurant. It is light, airy, well ventilated and magnificently decorated, forming a grand dining-room capable of entertaining fully a thousand guests at the same time.

The entire range upon the extreme left-hand side of the picture, extending from Eighteenth Street to Nineteenth Street, is occupied by the Art Gallery, which contains the most magnificent collection of paintings ever got together in the United States.

The ground plan of the buildings which we print upon the other side of the sheet, gives a full and accurate key to the arrangements of the several buildings, the uses to which they are applied, &c.

And now for some figures:

Union Avenue, which we have already described as the main structure of the group which form the Fair Buildings, is 540 feet long and 60 feet wide, with an elevation from floor to the point of the arch of 50 feet. The Gothic Arch of this Building is formed with rafters, constructed with the Howe Truss, each rafter being 2 feet in depth and 6 inches wide, with pannels 2 feet wide, in each of which are two main braces and one counter brace 2 inches square; the chords are of 3 by 6 inch scantling. The rafters are placed at distances of about 19 feet apart, and are footed upon heavy timbers set upon the ground, properly notched to receive the chords. The chord of the arch is about 60 feet, with versed sine of 6 feet 6 inches. There are four lateral buildings, extending north and south, from Union Avenue, having a width of 26 feet, a height of 18 feet, and a length of 250 feet each way. Upon the north and south, and parallel with Union Avenue along Race and Vine Streets, are buildings 29 feet wide and 18 feet high, each 500 feet long—that on the north (the Art Gallery,) being lighted from the roof. From the middle of Union Avenue extends a gallery northward, connecting with the Floral Department, (which, as we have already stated, is a circular building,) 190 feet in diameter, 100 feet of which is covered with a canvas canopy. In the middle of this department is a lake, with fountains of great variety of jet, arranged around and in it, in the centre of which is an island upon which are tastefully arranged an imposing group, of tropical plants and fruit.

Upon the South of Union Avenue, on the line of the Floral Department, is the Restaurant, which is also circular, with a diameter of 190 feet. Connected with this are a number of buildings arranged for culinary purposes, such as Main Kitchen, Pastry, Maizena Kitchen, Ice House, Ware Closets, Sculleries, and Servants' Dining Room.

The Pennsylvania Kitchen and the William Penn Parlor, on the north and South of Union Avenue, are relatively 84 by 34 and 60 by 34 feet.

The names of the architect and builders of Union Avenue are Strickland Kneass, architect, and Burton and Quigley, builders. The remainder of the buildings were put up by B. H. Shedaker, master builder, under the immediate direction of John Welsh, Esq., Chairman of the Executive Committee, and of the Committee of General Arrangements, of which J. C. Cresson, Esq., was Chairman. Mr. Henry E. Wrigley prepared many of the original drawings.

The internal decorations were in charge of the Committee of Internal Arrangements, of which J. H. Orne, Esq., was Chairman.

The aggregate length of the Fair Buildings is 6,500 feet, or more than a mile. A million and a half feet of lumber was used in their construction, and the work of building and decoration was completed within forty working days.

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No. 1. PHILADELPHIA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8. 1864.

THE FAIR MOVEMENT IN THE LOYAL STATES.

THE history of the great enterprises so successfully conducted in various parts of the country, and popularly called "Sanitary Fairs," forms one of the most curious, instructive, and characteristic chapters of American life. Schemes for raising money by the voluntary contributions of the people, for the relief of those who have suffered on the battle-field, have not been uncommon in other countries and in former wars. The great unfailing, popular instincts of patriotism and humanity have often been successfully appealed to. Thus, in modern times, in the early days of the French Revolution, during the excitement of a foreign invasion, offerings of money, the gold and silver plate of the churches and wealthy corporations, and the superfluous finery of the rich were freely laid upon what was called "the altar of the country." In Prussia, when the great national uprising against the French took place, in the year 1813, personal ornaments and jewelry in great number were gladly offered to the Government, who gave in return to the donors small crosses of iron of the famous Berlin manufacture, upon which was inscribed, "*I have iron for gold;*" while in nearly all the revolutionary movements which convulsed the different nations of the continent in the year 1848, almost the first thing done, after the creation of a National Guard and a Free Press, was to establish in the cathedrals a depot, where the patriotic gifts of the people for the relief of the defenders of the country and their families were received with all the pomp and ceremony of imposing religious forms.

These displays of popular enthusiasm, however, were wholly unlike the grand movements we have been called upon to witness here. They were short-lived and spasmodic, due only to the excitement of the hour, and wholly destitute of the calm, constant, persistent character which has been so striking a peculiarity of our American benevolence directed towards the same great object, while they sink into utter insignificance when contrasted with the magnificent results we have reached here. Fairs, Bazaars, or Exhibitions manifesting the popular sympathy for the soldier, have been attempted elsewhere with limited success. They seem to have exhausted the current of kind feeling directed to his relief, and often they have been the first and only effort made to render of practical utility the free and voluntary offerings of those left at home. But here the tide of benevolence rose in the same hour in which we learned of the attack on Fort Sumter, and has gone on, in the progress of the war, gaining volume and force, until it has reached such proportions as to command attention as one of the most novel and extraordinary features of the great struggle. It will, no doubt, ever flow freely until the last battle is fought and the last soldier returned to his home. Our Fairs, then, are not due to any fresh or exciting cause, which has temporarily aroused popular sympathy. They must be considered only as a new mode of developing that sympathy, a mode substituted for the regular, normal, steady outflow of feeling which has already contributed more than fifteen millions of dollars for this special object, through the various regularly organized channels for the relief of the army.

It is worth while to trace for a moment the progress of this wonderful scheme of benevolence, as it has hitherto flowed in its course towards the army. The great practical difficulty which presented itself in the outset to thoughtful men, was not to excite popular benevolence, but so to organize it that it should not fail of its great object. It was in vain to tell the people, in the first gush of kind feeling towards those who had nobly given up all to fight and suffer for their country, that the Government, through the Medical Department, was making extraordinary preparations for the care and comfort of the soldier, and that they who felt a real interest in him should seek not to supplant his long-pursed and powerful friend, but rather to supplement and eke out deficiencies which have in practice always existed in the care of every Government towards its soldiers in active service. We have learned many things in this war, and no lesson has been taught more thoroughly than that if we wish to give relief to the soldier properly and judiciously, it must be done not by attempting

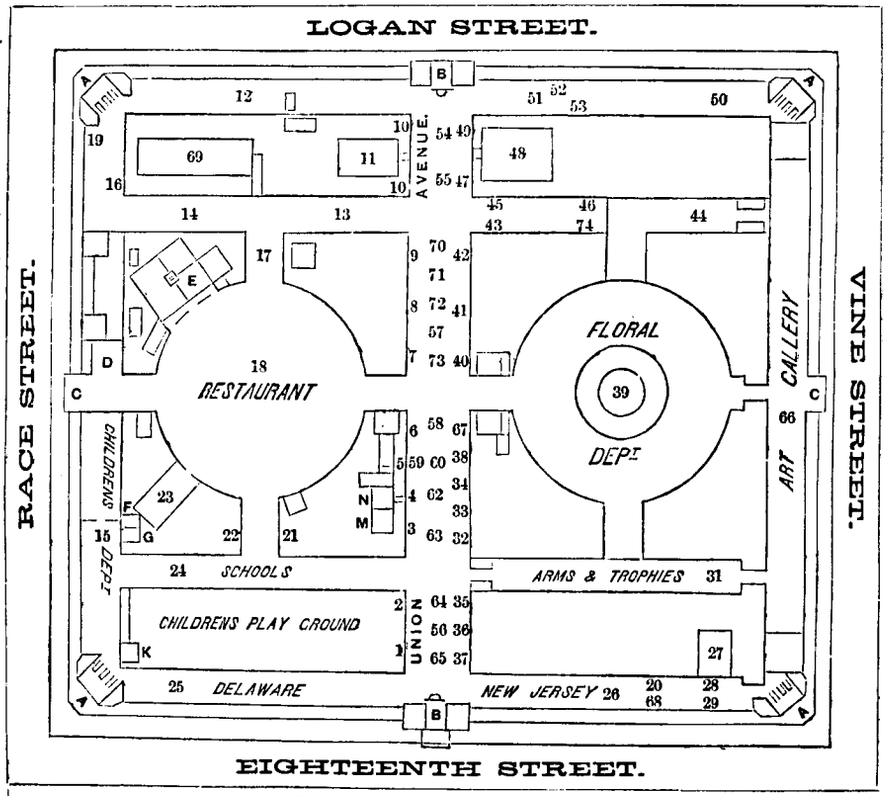
GROUND PLAN

OF THE

GREAT CENTRAL SANITARY FAIR,

LOGAN SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, 1864.

1. School of Design.
2. Fancy Articles (Home Made).
3. Glass and Glass Ware.
4. Boots and Shoes.
5. Carpets.
6. Gents' Furnishing Goods.
7. Trimmings and Lingeries.
8. Hats, Caps, and Furs.
9. Dress-Making and Millinery.
10. Labor, Income, and Revenue.
11. Wm. Penn Parlor.
12. Machinery and Ship-Building.
13. Sewing-Machines.
14. Stoves and Hollow-Ware.
15. Children's Department.
16. Wagons and Heavy Vehicles.
17. Hardware.
18. Restaurant.
19. Wrought and Cast Iron.
20. Miscellaneous.
21. German Club.
22. Retail Groceries.
23. Brewers.
24. Schools—Public and Private.
25. State of Delaware.
26. State of New Jersey.
27. Turkish Divan for Smokers.
28. Tobacco.
29. Drugs and Chemicals.
31. Arms and Trophies.
32. Fancy Goods and Jewelry.
33. Sewing-Women.
34. Paper-Hangings.
35. Produce.
36. Booksellers.
37. Paper and Stationery.
38. Children's Clothing.
39. Horticultural Department.
40. Post-Office.
41. Fire Department.
42. Paper Collars.
43. Dry-Goods (Wholesale).
44. Relics and Curiosities.
45. Dry-Goods (Retail).
46. Photographs.
47. Men's Clothing.
48. Pennsylvania Kitchen.
49. India Rubber.



50. Carriages.
51. Cabinet-Ware.
52. Looking-Glasses, &c.
53. House-Furnishing.
54. Hospitals.
55. Hospitals.
56. Editing Committee.
57. Musical Instruments.
58. Perfumery and Toilet.
59. Wax Fruit, &c.
60. Umbrellas and Canes.
62. Lithograph Press.
63. Horse-Shoe Machine.
64. West Philadelphia.
65. 18th Ward.
66. Fine Arts.
67. Importations.
68. Harness.
69. Indian Department.
70. Glass-Blowers.
71. Button-Riveter.
72. Jacquard Ribbon-Loom.
73. Bailey's Vase.
74. Medals and Horse-shoe Machine.

A A. Entrances.
B B. Exits.
C C. Private Entrances.
D. Receiving Room.
E. Kitchen.
F. Fishing-Pond (Toy).
G. Skating-Pond "
K. Fancy Ball "
M. Bank.
N. Police.

a Monday morning as you ever would wish to see. At eleven the city was alive with a gay crowd to witness a grand military display. General DIX brought out ten thousand men—when has the city seen so brilliant a pageant! And while the crowd looked and admired, the patient women worked and swept and garnished and got ready for the evening.

The beauty of the opening evening, the grand tableau which burst even on the fatigued eyes that had seen every detail, the superb music, the great choral anthem, which rose from a hundred throats to swell and die away amid the fluttering banners which draped the arches, the admiring, enthusiastic crowd, these things were felt, but cannot be described.

The Floral Temple, one of the gems of this building, was designed by a Philadelphian, Mr. Edward Potter, son of your excellent Bishop. New York is proud to owe so attractive a feature of its Fair to its sister city. It was Moorish in design, covered with evergreen, and sheltered perhaps as lovely a set of women as ever clustered beneath poor MARIA ANTOINETTE'S ornate Dairy at Versailles. I need not mention their names, "the world knows them by heart." If "beauty be its own excuse for being," and being *anywhere*, these fair human flowers had a good excuse for being, day and evening, in the Floral Temple.

Casting your eyes upward from the beauties and the roses, your thoughts mounted to a holier and a sadder plane. There, in *immortelles*, on a dark-green ground, were those eloquent words, "Antietam, Gettysburg, South Mountain, Fredericksburg." There and then we remembered our Dead Heroes,

> "And Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
> To mark the spot where sleeps their clay,"

and the flowers beneath, dedicated as they were to the gaiety and life that throbbed and pulsated there, sent their soft perfumes aloft, like incense wafted before a shrine, and the hearts of tender women and brave men swelled anew as they thought of the nameless graves on whose green turf no loving hand can scatter flowers. But the spring shall deck them with violets, and the country shall watch over them, and, for their sake, shall the whole land be consecrated ground.

Colonel ASPINWALL, of the Twenty-second Regiment, was the host of the Fair. That is, his armory, and the buildings added to it, formed one main building, so, with that hospitality "which speeds the parting guest," he lent us his drummers to beat a Rat-a plan! at ten o'clock, a signal for departure. It proved an excellent reminder, and no disagreeable accidents occurred in the dispersion of so large a crowd.

A long lifetime would be too short in which to write out the things you could see, the things you could do, the things you could say, and the things you could buy at the Fair. Imagine fifteen thousand people an hour, changing like a kaleidescope, with all the additions of flowers, music, beautiful objects of interest, and all that subtle intoxication of a gay crowd, and you have human nature under such highly stimulating conditions, that it is impossible to render a fitting account.

The book room was a calm and pleasant retreat; here you bought Mr. JAMES W. GERARD'S "Book of Bubbles," the work of New York wits; there also everything else, from the Harleian Miscellanies to TUPPER'S "Latest Lyric;" there too were many thefts, and some gentlemen with white neckerchiefs were seen going off with choice volumes, under a very clerical cloak, without returning the compliment in greenbacks. Whether the pickpocket disguised himself as a clergyman, or the clergyman disguised his propensity to be a pickpocket, I don't know; certainly these cloaks, like charity, covered a multitude of sins.

The people poured in Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday in an uninterrupted stream. There was movement in the thing; it was a *success*, and here a most singular phenomenon occurred. When the prices were lowered to twenty-five cents a day, it was a Banquet Hall deserted! No one would come.

An American disdains "the shilling day." The same spirit which makes the first class carriages in Europe "sacred to Americans and Princes," affects also the American at home; he is always ready to pay his money, whether he takes his choice or not.

Should my reminiscences interest your readers, they will hear again from ANON.

TRUE AND GOOD.

A surgeon at one of the Beaufort (S. C.) hospitals, relates the case of a soldier who was given over to die; disease and despondency combined had robbed him of all energy and hope. In changing his bed, a Sanitary Commission patchwork quilt was put in place of the ordinary bed spread. It arrested his attention, which for days nothing had been able to excite; there was evidently something familiar in it; he became thoroughly aroused, examined it more carefully, and presently discovered his wife's name neatly written in one corner. His interest in life returned, and he rapidly recovered. The chances that this quilt would be put on the right bed were not one in ten thousand, and the housewife who dedicated, perhaps, one of her treasures to the soldiers, could scarcely have dreamed that it would be the means of restoring her own good man to health. The story seems almost too delightful to be true, yet true it certainly *is*, on the word of an army surgeon, and anybody who presumes to doubt it shall be fined a dollar (after worthy Jacob Grimm's fashion of punishing unbelievers) and the proceeds added to the Sanitary fund.

[Extract from a letter by Prof. LIEBER.]

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.

NAPOLEON, on one occasion, when speaking of the French Revolution, calls it *notre belle revolution*. I was reminded of this fact when Senator BUTLER, of South Carolina, told me of the following occurrence, in 1835, soon after the excited times of nullification:

Mr. CALHOUN, in a conversation with Senator —then Judge—BUTLER, repeatedly called nullification, a beautiful remedy. The assertion of State sovereignty, against an unconstitutional act of Congress, appeared beautiful in the eyes of Mr. CALHOUN.

"Mr. CALHOUN," replied Judge BUTLER, "I am as determined a nullifier as any one, and I am as ready to go as far in the assertion of State sovereignty as you can possibly be;" (Judge BUTLER and many others had, indeed, preceded Mr. CALHOUN in the open avowal of nullification,) "but, to save my life, I cannot see the beauty of it. Nullification is all right, but as to its being beautiful, that is another thing."

I cannot help thinking you will agree with me that this anecdote is worth preserving for men like ourselves who recollect MR. CALHOUN, and those times, from personal intercourse and observation; and I suppose you will also agree with me that a man might have replied to Napoleon: "Sire, whatever the French revolution may have effected, leaving aside all discussions of this sort—to save my life, your Majesty, as to the beauty of the guillotine, I have never been able to see that!"

The Jacobins used to call the guillotine, St. Guillotine,* but I doubt whether even the Jacobins presented to themselves this benignant saint, as a heavenly being of Raphælic beauty radiant like a Madonna.

FRANCIS LIEBER.

*Not unlike the Hindoos of whom Bishop HEBER tells us that they worshipped the newly introduced and raging Scarlet Fever as Shiva in a new avatar.

A GEOGRAPHICAL NECESSITY.

Many years ago there lived in Berks county, Pennsylvania, two neighbors—both Germans, of course; the one a hard-working, peaceable man; the other a notorious brute. It came to pass in the course of time that they quarreled about a ten-acre field, and after two or three personal encounters, "worked the case," by the aid of two attorneys, into a lawsuit.

"I always dinked," said a neighbor, "from de way dat land lay, dat dem two fellers vas pound to quarrel—*specially ven I heard Hans Schmidt schwear dat he meant to lick everypody as lived mitin ten miles of him.*"

We commend this story to the consideration of those who profess to believe that the separation of the North and South was always "a predestined geographical necessity."

to send gifts to individuals, but by entrusting them to capable and responsible agents in the army, who can ascertain where the greatest need exists, and meet it at once. The United States Sanitary Commission had its origin in a desire on the part of patriotic and enlightened men, in addition to various other modes of improving the comfort and efficacy of the soldier suggested by study and experience, so to organize the collection and distribution of the supplies which come from the homes of the country, as to make them productive of the greatest possible real good to those for whom they were designed.

How this institution, organized in a great measure as to the details of its work by the wonderful administrative capacity of FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED, ESQ., has succeeded in this great novel task, the record of the progress of the war abundantly shows. More than seven millions of dollars' worth of supplies, gathered from the homes of the country, by means of fifteen thousand tributary aid societies, scattered through nearly every hamlet and village of the land, have been collected at common centres, like Washington and Louisville, and thence sent to the various armies in the field, and distributed to the individual soldier as his needs required. The testimony of all who know any thing of the history of our armies, from the illustrious General at their head down to the humblest private in the ranks, is uniform as to the ready, zealous and intelligent conduct of the agents of the Commission in the field, and the constant supplies of most needed articles which they have ready for distribution in every emergency. This work of collecting and distributing supplies in the army, it should not be forgotten, is only one of many modes of relief bestowed upon the soldier; but the operations of this single department have been attended with good results which seem now almost marvelous. If the army, when before Vicksburg, was in a more satisfactory condition in regard to its general health than ever before; if that fearful scourge of all armies—the scurvy—was arrested and finally driven out of the Army of the Cumberland; if the force which assaulted Fort Wagner last summer was, to borrow the language of General GILMORE, "saved" by the free use of anti-scorbutics, (and that such are historical facts none can deny,) then it may be asserted, with the utmost confidence, that these results were due not to the provision made by the Government to meet the emergency, but to the wise foresight of the officers of the Sanitary Commission, who, knowing that the emergency must come, sent to each of these armies cargo after cargo of vegetables and suitable food, and were ready, in the hour of need, with this aid. This provision saved thousands of lives, but, it enabled us to retain possession of points of the highest military importance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN THE WILDERNESS,

MAY 7TH, 1864.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

[The incident contained in the following poem is narrated by a correspondent of the New-York *Tribune*, in a letter from the battle-field, dated "Wilderness, May 7, 1864."

Mangled, uncared for, suffering, through the night
With heavenly patience the poor boy had lain;
Under the dreary shadows, left and right,
Groaned on the wounded, stiffened out the slain.
What faith sustained his lone
Brave heart to make no moan,
To send no cry from that blood-sprinkled sod,
Is a close mystery with him and God.

But when the light came, and the morning dew
Glittered around him like a golden lake,
And every dripping flower with deepened hue
Looked through its tears for very pity's sake,
He moved his aching head,
Upon its rugged bed,
And smiled, as a blue violet, virgin meek,
Laid her pure kiss upon his withered cheek.

At once there circled in his waking heart
A thousand memories of distant home;
Of how those same blue violets would start
Along his native fields, and some would roam
Down his dear humming brooks,
To hide in secret nooks,
And shyly met, in nodding circles swing,
Like gossips murmuring at belated Spring.

And then he thought of the beloved hands
That with his own had plucked the modest flower;
The blue-eyed maiden, crowned with golden bands,
Who ruled as sovereign of that sunny hour.
She at whose soft command
He joined the mustering band;
She for whose sake he lay so firm and still,
Despite his pangs, nor questioned then her will.

So, lost in thought, scarce conscious of the deed,
Culling the violets, here and there he crept
Slowly—ah! slowly—for his wound would bleed;
And the sweet flowers themselves half-smiled, half-wept,
To be thus gathered in
By hands so pale and thin,
By fingers trembling as they neatly laid
Stem upon stem, and bound them in a braid.

The strangest posey ever fashioned yet
Was clasped against the bosom of the lad,
As we, the seekers for the wounded, set
His form upon our shoulders bowed and sad;
Though he but seemed to think
How violets nod and wink;
And as we cheered him, for the path was wild,
He only looked upon his flowers and smiled.

OUR FIRST.

A sage has said that no Philadelphian is perfect unless he pun. That a Philadelphia newspaper may lack nothing of perfection, we find a corner for the following:

Why is the "Great Central Fair" like the rebellion?

Can't you guess it? Because it is the War-Fare of brothers.

As all is fair in love as well as war, one of our Daily Fairies suggests that each of the Brothers in question would have "got along" but lamely had it not been for the help of a—Sister!

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR IN NEW YORK.

BY A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

Our opening day, the 28th of March, came, and we didn't open. We were not ready. There was the Art Gallery "not done," there was the "Arms and Trophies" much behind. Nothing but General WASHINGTON'S old clothes were ready, and they suggested such unfavorable comparisons with other and later heroes that we preferred to keep them out of sight. The Indians were, indeed, entirely ready, and Mr. BIERSTADT, poor man, said if *he* didn't open soon he should be exhausted, for he had been on the war-trail a number of weeks, seeking his braves, not through the jungles of the forest, but through the more deadly labyrinths of New York grog-shops. There was a truly artistic mingling of colors among these aboriginal heroes.

As I have begun backwards, perhaps I had better continue in the same crab-like manner. The Fair, for a month before it opened, had become a monster, living on human flesh. It demanded—like the Tarascon—a lady a day, and a very well dressed lady at that; but, as we had a thousand ladies, and there were only thirty days in the month, we had him at a disadvantage; so one after another fell ill—disappeared, but the great work went on. Let memory draw a veil over that week when, after taking possession of the Fourteenth street building, the ladies vainly struggled with the carpenters, painters and builders, and, though always foiled, never gave up the great superiority of woman! She never runs when she is beaten, so she always succeeds.

And then the boxes from abroad, the impossibility of any body's getting anything out of that grand repository, presided over by a man whose ability in baffling inquiry and confusing your mind and keeping you from your boxes, was Napoleonic. One of the artists, waiting many days for a box of pictures to complete the adornment of the Art Gallery, said feelingly: "*Don't* I hope I may some day be somewhere where that man wants to get in! Don't I hope I may some day be somewhere where he wants something, and won't I lay logs in his path!" Let the sufferings of that week be narrated, that in the Great Central Fair; if you have any such official who embarrasses rather than forwards your work; dismiss him. If he is the friend of your soul—if he is your long lost brother—if he has saved your life—turn him out at once, be merciless,—corporations should have no souls.

Fortunately for the Executive Committee, (who, I hear, had a very severe fight over it,) the Fair *was* postponed to the 4th of April. Fortunately, too, the week following the 28th of March was very rainy, good for work, not good for Fairings. The 4th came, as brilliant

COMMENTS.

[Contributed to Our Daily Fare.]

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

[Written at St. Petersburg, Aug. 11, 1862.]

I.

Hear me, oh Fatherland! nor hear unheeding,
When love and fear commingled swell the cry:
In all thy children's wounds thyself art bleeding—
Thou dar'st not die!

Thou turnest, shuddering, from the swamps of slaughter;
Thou dropp'st hot tears upon the mounds of slain;
Thy tens of thousands pour their blood like water,
Oh God! in vain.

And still the pale ones, stricken down with fever,
Pray with weak arms, that once were strong for thee,
That thou, irresolute and half deceiver,
Thy Saviour be!

The hour has come: on God's eternal dial
The fateful shadow pauses at thy name:
Choose thou to live, redeemed through sorest trial,
Or die in shame!

Choose thou, to be a light among the nations,
Sheathing in justice power they else might dread;
Or hear them mock thy children's lamentations,
That thou art dead!

Choose thou, to win forever Freedom's graces,
In union chaste and pure, that none shall break;
Or vilely stoop, and still to thy embraces
The Harlot take!

Dallying with her, the path thou vainly seekest
To stable peace and honored victory:
Call to thy soul the courage of the weakest
That fights for thee!

Call to thy brow the sternness that o'erpowered
The threats of kings, ere yet thine arm had grown—
That smote the wrongs they wrought: nor be a coward
To thine alone!

The hour has come: turn not away unheeding:
A million voices lift with mine the cry;
From stabs of traitors, North and South, thou'rt bleeding—
Thou dar'st not die!

II.

[Written at Cedarcroft, Penn'a., June 1st, 1864.]

This hot south wind, that, from the Blue Ridge blowing,
Dies here in peaceful Pennsylvanian vales,
Still seems to surge from Battle's ebb and flowing
And burning gales.

But fainter, day by day, the fierce vibrations,
As southward move our armies, closing in
To that last struggle which shall crown our patience,
And crush the sin.

Not vainly have we sighed, not vainly striven;
Our heroes' hearts have not been pierced in vain;
God has upheld our hands, and to them given
His sword again!

The Nation turns no more with spirit pliant,
To court the Evil, on its falling throne:
Free, and for Freedom now, she stands, a giant,
To shield her own.

Her brow is bathed with dew from Heaven's own fountains;
Her lips repeat the ancient rallying cry:
She stands erect, majestic on her mountains—
SHE WILL NOT DIE.

OUR OWN GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

The Inaugural Ceremonies of the First Day—The Speeches Delivered.

LOGAN SQUARE, where our own Great Central Fair is held, has a varied history. When Washington Square grew too far into the heart of the city to be deemed a proper place for a Potter's Field, it was converted first into a cattle market, and then into a city park, and the Potter's Field was removed, some fifty or sixty years ago, to a distant northwestern location, where it was thought the march of improvement would never reach, and where the occupants of nameless graves would be suffered to rest until the last trump should sound.

But the city grew up to and around the new Potter's Field; its surrounding commons became covered with fine houses, and it was a Potter's Field no longer, for, in due time, it was converted into a public square, and the latter was peopled with deer and squirrels, the former being somewhat addicted to goring inoffensive citizens, and consequently proving a dear bargain to the city, inasmuch as the public treasurer was not unfrequently mulcted in damages to pay for the little vagaries of the municipal pets.

But great as the change was from a graveyard to a garden, a vastly greater mutation was effected when sympathy with the sufferings of our soldiers in the field prompted good and earnest men and women to do something *practical* towards aiding the gallant braves of the republic in their great struggle—and lo! the result! A grand Temple of Patriotic Benevolence has been reared, and the vast work accomplished with a celerity and completeness which suggest thoughts of the wand of Prospero, or the fabled lamp of Aladdin. Buildings that are rough in their exterior, to be sure, but, like many of our own people who have rough outsides, full of grace and flaming with patriotism within, arose, and now the ancient Potter's field and whilom city park, is covered with a range of structures which contain as much storied matter as Westminster Abbey, and more wealth of art and property combined than is to be found in any enclosure in the United States.

More evidences of good taste than were ever crowded into a like space, in the same time, and in the history of the world, more tokens of that warm, patriotic, practical benevolence, which "gives by the heartful, over and over again, till naught is left to give," than were ever seen gathered together in the experience of humanity are here. But we are engaged in a great war, our sacrifices are great, and it is only proper to show that our resources are equal to the emergency. A great war, great sacrifices, great resources, great responses; a great country, a great people, and last and not least, a GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

The cuts which we shall publish in an early number of *Our Daily Fare*, will leave but little to be done as regards description of the exterior of the buildings in the Square. How the interior looks, what it contains, and what is done there during the daily process of the Fair, will be described in the future numbers of our journal. We will take the various departments by turns and in detail, and endeavor to do ample justice to all.

The Inaugural Ceremonies Yesterday.

A MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE.

Yesterday beheld the fruition of months of anxious thought and unceasing labor of thousands of earnest patriotic and benevolent men, women, and children. The GREAT CENTRAL FAIR was formally opened and the ceremonies were participated in or witnessed by from ten thousand to fifteen thousand persons. The scene, when the exercises were about to commence, was probably the most imposing ever witnessed in Philadelphia. A stage for the speakers and invited guests was erected near the western end of Union avenue; behind this stage and close against the western end of the building was a platform for the use of the singers engaged for the occasion. Viewed from the speakers' stage, a scene of rare beauty was presented. To the right was the splendid array of articles on the tables of the Committee on Labor, Income and Revenue, with the $2,500 sword to be given to the General obtaining the largest number of votes from subscribers of one dollar each.

On the left was the grand display of the firemen, with all the insignia of their generous profession; while away down the vista for a distance of five hundred feet to the eastern end of the nave, was a most brilliant and diversified display of costly wares, works of art and articles of *vertu*. Over all was the beautiful, although nude Gothic arch of the avenue with the glorious stars and stripes glittering in every direction, and mingling with groups of arms and military equipments and the banners and escutcheons of the different States of the Union. The light which poured in through the skylights in the roof made a double row of sunshine along the huge mass of people who thronged the avenue and waited with what patience they could muster for the commencement of the ceremonies of inauguration. And what a vast, swaying, ever-varying kaleidoscopic mass! We shall not attempt a description of it; but among it was a full representation of the beauty, the intelligence, the patriotism, the benevolence, and the wealth of Philadelphia, with large and worthy delegations from New Jersey and Delaware.

But the distant sounds of the notes of Hail Columbia strike upon the ear from the eastern

Our Daily Fare.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 8, 1864.

A WORD FOR "OUR DAILY FARE."

This journal is intended to be a lasting memorial of the Great Fair held in Philadelphia in June, 1864, in aid of the operations of the Sanitary Commission—the noblest and grandest work of human benevolence the world has ever seen. In the course of time it may come to be consulted among the materials laid before the future annalist or historian. It should, therefore, be such a memorial as will tell its own story clearly and fully. To this end, it will be a principal object with those who have the paper in charge, to present copious reports of all events and proceedings relating to the Fair, and of its operations while the Fair is in progress. It is their purpose, also, to describe the origin, nature, and objects of the Sanitary Commission, and the effective methods by which they dispense the munificent bounty of the people of the United States to their soldiers in the field. To complete the history of our journal there will be a brief exposition of the character of the war that has compelled more than a million of our peaceful and thrifty citizens to take up arms, and that has given occasion for the inestimable services of the Sanitary Commission and other similar agencies of the patriotic beneficence of the people.

It will add greatly to the enduring interest of this journal that the Fair, of which it is the exponent, is held during the progress of the great campaigns near Richmond and Atlanta, which will probably decide the fate of the rebellion, and which, from the magnitude and activity of the operations, and the incessant conflicts with the public enemy, occasion the most frequent and urgent demands for just such aid as the projectors of the Great Fair are laboring to extend.

HOW IT ALL COMES ABOUT.

"How shall we do for money for these wars?" So queried the Duke of York, in Shakspeare's Richard II., and questions of similar import have fallen from the lips of every Finance minister from the days of "the bald first Cæsar" to our own. But here on our soil, and in our day, that question is undergoing a process of solution that never entered into the dreams of the rulers of the old world. Instead of subsidies wrung from plundered subjects, the people pour their willing tribute into the national treasury to furnish "money for these wars," and advancing beyond this cheerful discharge of their duties, come with liberal hands, dispensing munificent gratuities to add to the soldier's comfort and preserve his health and life. This has been done during the present war to the extent of tens of millions of dollars, contributed from private resources and administered by private hands. Such bounty, on such a scale of magnitude, and distributed with such effect as this has been by the United States Sanitary Commission, has never been paralleled, or even approached, in the history of the world.

Why is all this? Why is it that such an extraordinary manifestation of the loftiest patriotism is called forth in our country, in our time, and during this war? A record of the answer to this question deserves a conspicuous place in the first issue of the journal of the Great Fair.

On the 20th December, 1860, the United States were inhabited by a peaceful and happy people, in the enjoyment of unexampled prosperity, and blessed by a government illustrious for the wisdom and the freedom of its institutions. No other nation had ever made such progress in so short a time. In three-fourths of a century it had sprung from a condition of colonial dependence to the rank of a first-class power. Thus, peaceful and prosperous at home, powerful and respected abroad, enjoying the freest and wisest government ever vouchsafed to man, this nation had come to be regarded by all other peoples as the bright examplar of what theirs ought to be. Politically, it was the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night for the oppressed of all the world.

But even as there were rebellious spirits who "raised impious war in Heaven," so there were traitors and rebels here to plot and attempt the destruction of the Great Republic. To conceive such a wrong to the hopes of humanity throughout Christendom, was a crime without a name; but men were found bad enough for both the thought and the deed, and, on the 20th of December, 1860, without cause or justification, their infamous work was begun.

Such is the character of the rebellion which our citizen soldiers are fighting to suppress. It is that black treason to the Republic and to humanity and liberty everywhere that has brought forth our volunteers by the million. It is to sustain the armies battling against such causeless and wicked rebellion that the people have poured into the national treasury within three years thousands of millions of dollars with such hearty readiness as to amaze the rulers of the old world. It is to give prompt aid to the wounded, to nurse the sick, to protect the health, and preserve the lives of the soldiers in such a cause that the people have come, and are coming, with their munificent gratuitous contributions of stores and supplies, of nourishing food and medicines and money. It is the vast extent of these voluntary contributions that has compelled a resort to organized effort for their orderly concentration, and for their effective distribution and application. Hence we have the Sanitary Commission for the organized and effective distribution and use of the people's contributions, and hence we also arrive logically and historically at our Great Fair, which is an organized method for the orderly and economical concentration of popular liberality for the aid and comfort of the soldiers of the Union.

OUR FAIR BUILDINGS.

When Xerxes viewed, from a high tower near Abydos, the magnificent host which he had collected for the subjugation of Greece, his pride and triumph are said to have given way to tears when the reflection occurred to him that the brevity of human life was such that not one of this countless host would survive the lapse of one hundred years. Shall we confess that, on entering the Fair, and contemplating the vastness of the buildings, the labor and ingenuity employed in their construction, and the taste of their decorations, we felt for a moment, like Xerxes, a pang of regret that their duration was not destined to be eternal? Such feelings, however, are, fortunately for human nature, but transitory, and were soon lost in admiration of the energy and taste which had, out of such temporary structures, produced such surprising effects. The grand archway, occupying the main avenue of the square, ninety feet high, sixty-four feet wide, and five hundred feet long, is really magnificent. In looking at it we were struck by the force of the theory which attributes the conception of the beautiful Gothic arch to the natural arch, formed by avenues of lofty trees, among which its inventors had been accustomed to worship. The branches which have been permitted to enter through the roof assist the imagination, and give the idea that art has merely filled up the form drawn by the hand of nature.

The circular buildings, designed for the Horticultural and Restaurant Departments, are most agreeable contrasts to the predominating form adopted for the other buildings, and are well calculated both for accommodation and display. The different departments in which exhibition, rather than sale, was the principal object, as the Department of Arms and Trophies, were particularly rich, and can scarcely fail to gratify the most fastidious.

We do not pretend to embody in our remarks more than the effect produced upon us by a first visit to the Fair, before it was ready for exhibition. We trust to furnish our readers hereafter with accurate reports of all that is to be seen, and merely wish on this occasion to give expression to the universal sentiment of every spectator, that the location is admirable and the design complete.

and as she sank—so does the story read—a dying seaman crossed her decks, upon the raw and bleeding stumps of his shattered limbs, to pull the lanyards of his gun, and fire a parting shot towards the foe.

Need I speak for such men? The impressible scene before me is my answer. These costly and beautiful gifts are the embodiment yet not the measure, of the patriotism and the humanity of the people.

In their name I commit them to you, sir, and through you to their holy mission of comfort to the sick and wounded, and consolation to the dying heroes of our army and our navy.

Right Rev. Bishop SIMPSON, of the M. E. Church, who had been delegated by President LINCOLN to act in his stead and receive the munificent gift, made an eloquent speech in discharging the duty entrusted to him. He said:

BISHOP SIMPSON'S ADDRESS.

"At the request of the President of the United States, and in his behalf, I accept from the honorable Executive Committee the vast treasures contained in these immense buildings, the generous offerings of the citizens of New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania, to be dedicated, in the name of the people, to the use of the sick and wounded in our army and navy. No one more than myself regrets the absence of our Chief Magistrate, in view of the unparalleled magnificence of these arrangements, and the character of this assemblage, combining, as they do, to form a gathering worthy of his presence. We should be delighted to hear from his lips his acknowledgement of the great good being done by Christian and Sanitary Commissions, and to hear of the promises of glorious results of the present national struggle. [Cheers.] But he could not be with us. His eyes are upon Richmond. [Cheers.] He is listening for tidings from the brave general and from the equally brave advancing hosts. [Cheers.] He is waiting to give such assistance as the interests of that army may demand. While he is not with us, he is *of* us. He is deeply moved at the distresses and privations of the soldiers and sailors, and all that the government could do he has promptly done for the officers of the Sanitary Commission."

The Bishop briefly reviewed the work of the Commission, and referring to the magnitude of the present struggle, declared that, although our young men have been swept away by the hundreds and although amid the smoke some stars have been dimmed, yet the Star Spangled Banner still floats, and men still rally around the flag. [Cheers.] In concluding, he said: "It is true that many sleep in the dust. A LYON, a BAKER, a SEDGEWICK, and a WADSWORTH rest in their glory, bnt we have a host still left. SHERMAN has shown that he is 'a Northern man with Southern proclivities!' [Cheers.] We have a THOMAS who never doubts, and we have a HOOKER who pushes his way through the clouds. New England has given her HOWARD, and, one-armed as he is, he is still a host. She has given a BUTLER who is a terror to the whole South. [Cheers.] Pennsylvania proudly looks at her HANCOCK as a tower of strength, and she wears next to her heart her MEADE of honor, while the kindly West, from the borders of the Mississippi, sent us a GRANT of unconditional victory. [Cheers for GRANT, and for the Army of the Potomac.] Our marines are equally precious. A gallant FOOTE rests in his glory; but we have left a PORTER, a FARRAGUT, and a DUPONT. [Cheers.]

And now, in the name of the people who have proffered all these generous gifts, and whose hearts are with the brave soldiers on land or ocean—in the name of the people who reverence the Constitution under which we live, and who have sworn to uphold it—in the name of the people who are resolved to live and die under the Stars and Stripes without a bar across them, I dedicate these buildings to the use of the sick and wounded in our army and navy who have perilled their lives in defence of their country. May God restore them speedily to health, and may they soon return to their homes, and may these donors feel that it is more blessed to give than to receive. [Cheers.]

PRAYER OF DEDICATION.

Right Rev. Bishop STEVENS then delivered an impressive prayer of dedication.

THE GOVERNOR OF DELAWARE.

Governor CANNON, of Delaware, was then introduced, and in a brief address he stated that Delaware had endeavored to do her share in the good work, and expressed the hope that the Great Central Fair would exceed the anticipations of its most ardent supporters, He trusted that his State would soon enroll herself among the list of Free States and take her proper position in the Union.

THE GOVERNOR OF NEW JERSEY.

Governor PARKER, of New Jersey, followed with an interesting address, giving a somewhat detailed statement of the work done by his State for her soldiers in the field. Referring to the political topics of the day, he urged forbearance and a toleration as to difference of opinions.

THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Governor CURTIN closed the ceremonies. He said:

I will not detain you very long. I notice by the programme that I am to declare the formal opening of these buildings. I will discharge that duty quickly and in a few words.

It is pleasant, indeed, to know that while Western Pennsylvania is engaged in the pious work, the people of Eastern Pennsylvania have joined with the people of Delaware and New Jersey, in offering, at the altar of our country, these treasures and have united in the dedication of these buildings to the sick and wounded soldiers of the Republic. [Cheers.]

My friends, if there is one man more than another, whom you can admit to your sincere reverence and respect, it is the private soldier. [Cheers.] He is the true, noble man of this land. [Cheers.] He falls with unrecorded name; he serves in the army for small pay; no pageant markes his funeral, and he may fall with those, who at Gettysburg fill the graves of the "unknown," and while you are ministering to him when he is sick and wounded, pray, in God's name, do not forget his widow and orphans when he falls. [Cheers.]

Recollect, too, that the work before this great nation is big enough for all, and here, where rich and poor join in making their offering to their country, let us forget all differences in opinion in politics, in sects and in religion, and declare, with one voice, for our bleeding and distracted country. [Applause.]

[To Governor CANNON.] Sir, I welcome you to our city. PARKER, of New Jersey, I welcome your loyal heart, as the representative of the loyal people of your State. And now, when the whole country is trembling under the rude shocks of armed rebellion, the greatest known in history, all differences should be forgotten, for the work is big enough for all. [Applause.] Now, when human foresight is balked; when no man can tell the future of the country; when armies, generals and soldiers fail; when all human combinations fall short of the destruction of the rebellion, let me dedicate this great building to the American Soldier. [Cheers.]

The accident which took place in the early part of the proceedings compelled the Committee of Arrangements to dispense with the musical part of the programme. At the close of the benediction, by Bishop SIMPSON, a proposition was made to sing The Star Spangled Banner, and the vast multitude joined in singing the national anthem with grand effect. Cheers were given for the Union, for President Lincoln, for Generals Grant, Meade, and Hancock, and the audience then scattered to ramble through the Fair, and glance at some of its wonders.

The following anthem, written by Dr. Holmes for the occasion, was to have been sung, but in consequence of the accident to the singers' platform, it was necessarily omitted:

HYMN.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Written expressly for the Great Central Fair.

Father send on earth again
Peace and good will to men;
Yet, while the weary track of life
Leads thy people through storm and strife,
Help us to walk therein.

Guide us through the perilous path;
Teach us love that tempers wrath;
Let the fountain of mercy flow
Alike for helpless friend and foe,
Children all of thine.

God of grace, hear our call;
Bless our gifts, Giver of all;
The wounded heal, the captive restore,
And make us a nation evermore
Faithful to Freedom and Thee!

READ, YE UNBELIEVERS!

Among the various statistics elicited by the great Sanitary movement, we have the following:—Since Fairs have become fashionable, it has been estimated that, by working for them—

One million, nine thousand and forty young ladies have advanced in "worsted work" so far as to be competent to darn stockings.

Two millions and twenty-three have, by writing letters for the Fair Post Offices, improved their "hand" so as to be able to indite killing *billets doux.*

Three millions one thousand and twenty-five have carried needlework so far as to be able to sew on any button whatever.

And yet there are people who "do not believe" in this Fair business!!

end of Union avenue, and to its inspiring tones a procession proceeds up towards the speaker's stand in the following order:

Police.
Chief Marshal and Aids, with the Executive Committee.
Bishop Simpson, Mayor Henry, and Chairman of Executive Committee.
Reverend Clergy, specially invited.
Governors of Delaware, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.
Judiciary.
General Cadwalader and Staff.
Commodore Stribling and Officers of Navy Yard.
Presidents of Select and Common Councils.
Members of Select and Common Councils.
Members of the General Committee.

The judiciary was represented by Judges Woodward, Strong and Read. General Cadwalader and Admiral Dupont worthily represented the Army and Navy. A number of other prominent officers were present.

A MISHAP.

After the distinguished personages had taken their places upon the stage, and just as Mayor HENRY was about to take the chair, an accident occurred which caused some confusion and delay. The temporary platform upon which the ladies and gentlemen, who were to sing an anthem, and the Star Spangled Banner, as a portion of the ceremonies, were seated, gave way, and threw the singers and musicians to the ground upon the top of the wreck. It was at first feared that serious injuries had been sustained by the persons who had fallen with the stage; but the imperilled persons were speedily rescued, and the gratifying announcement that no person was seriously hurt, restored quiet and order, relieved the general suspense, and enabled the Committee of Arrangement to proceed with the regular programme. Hon. ALEXANDER HENRY, Mayor of the City, was the first speaker. During his address, a National Salute was fired upon the outside of the Fair enclosure. Mr. HENRY spoke as follows:

MAYOR HENRY'S ADDRESS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—We enter to-day upon the realization of the zealous efforts which humanity and patriotism have alike incited, and as we should, upon the threshold of an enterprise rarely equalled in extent, never surpassed in the grandeur of its purpose, we may rejoice at the rich promise of its success, while we are yet mindful of the sad urgency that has called it forth. Gratitude and sympathy have before them full scope for their most generous and untiring exertions. No claims more sacred, no appeals more powerful were ever addressed to loyal people than come to us this hour from the maimed and suffering defenders of our Union. [Cheers.]

The gigantic contest that is now waged between loyalty and rebellion is preëminent in magnitude as are the hills and plains that behold its deadly strife. No military resources, however well directed, can adequately provide relief for the thousands of brave men who have sunk under the fatigue and privations of the march or have been stricken down upon the many fields of battle. In this emergency, the noble, heaven-prompted associations of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, offer to you wide channels through which the oil and wine of soothing kindness and of strengthening cheer may flow from the plenty of your homes to the need of the sick or wounded soldier. Of these organizations, the Sanitary Commission is the chosen dispenser of the liberal offerings which the people of our own, and of two other sister States, have brought hither on this holy cause. [Cheers.]

Enlarged views, refined tastes and unflagging energies have originated, planned and matured this grand undertaking. All that may delight the sense and gladden the heart has been gathered into this spacious temple, dedicated to loyal benevolence, or has been stored within its numerous courts. The eye will wander with pleasure over each attractive scene and brilliant group; the ear will drink in the surging melody of the joyous voices with which these arches shall reverberate, while yet each passing moment may add new claimants of your benefactions from among the heroes who even now are assailing treason in those last strongholds, which, by God's blessing and man's valor, shall witness the death throes of the rebellion. [Cheers.] With unusual gratification, I accept the honor tendered by the Executive Committee of the Great Central Fair, of presiding on this occasion of its opening ceremonies.

Right Rev. W. B. STEVENS, D.D., Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, followed in an impressive prayer for the success of the great undertaking.

JOHN C. CRESSON, ESQ., Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, was then introduced. He formally delivered the building and its contents to the Executive Committee. In performing this he said:

REMARKS OF JOHN C. CRESSON, ESQ.

Mr. Chairman of the Executive Committee:—The hour has come in which the hopes and labors of many anxious months have reached their end. It was made the duty of the Committee on General Arrangements to choose a site, arrange the plans and erect the buildings for the Great Central Fair. It was to be properly fitted for the display and sale of the many gifts gathered by the zealous efforts of the men and women and children of three sister States, to help on the holy work of the United States Sanitary Commission. With the help of a host of skilful and busy hands, guided and urged on by cunning heads and earnest hearts, the work has been done within the allotted time. This great hall and its branching corridors, devoted in name and purpose to the Union, are the results of these labors. In many things they are defective and fall short of our wishes; but it is hoped they may afford room enough for the gifts to be displayed, and shelter for the throngs that will come to see them, and buy. These buildings, and the goods they are filled with, we now hand over to the executive body, over which you, sir, so worthily preside. We who were charged with the duty of building them, and our colleagues who have so well arranged and decked the interior walls and tables, are most happy to give place to our other fellow-laborers, in whose hands remains the crowning work in this good and noble cause.

THEODORE CUYLER, ESQ., on behalf of the Executive Committee, received the buildings and their contents. He said:

REMARKS OF MR. CUYLER.

Gentlemen, Chairmen of the Committees of Arrangements:—In the name, and by the authority of the Executive Committee of the Great Central Fair, and by request of its Chairman, I accept this perfect work.

This beautiful structure, so fair and graceful in its proportions, and its vast and varied contents, more eloquently proclaim your title to our thanks than any words which I could utter.

By the same authority I present them to you, sir, whom the President of the United States has honored as his appointed representative, so that through you they may be dedicated to those noble uses to which they were designed, and to which they have been consecrated. Consecrated by no human rite or ceremony, but by an indwelling spirit of pious patriotism which inspired their givers, and by their devotion to the holy purpose of comforting those who toil and suffer, that millions, who, perhaps, may never hear of them may be free, and great and happy.

These noble buildings and their precious contents are the free gift of the grateful people of three States—New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania—to the army and navy of the United States.

They are worthy to receive them. These living heroes who battle on the field and on the flood will prove it. These maimed and wounded heroes who crowd our highways and meet us in our walks, will prove it. These sick and dying heroes in our hospitals will prove it. These dead heroes *have proved it*—who sleep beneath the wave or upon a hundred battle-fields, who moistened with their blood the soil torn with shot and shell and trampled with mailed feet, beneath which they were buried, almost before the red light of battle had faded from their eyes. But I speak not now of the dead. They reck little of our remembering or our forgetting, and are beyond our ministry, though the time will come when the peaceful, prosperous, reunited people of a now shattered but then *Restored Union* will build enduring monuments to the immortal memory of those who, with heroic devotion, have sealed their convictions with their blood, and died to teach the world that there are truths dearer than life, and wrongs more to be dreaded than death, and if there be a spot on earth where the grass of summer will grow greener, and where the winds of winter will blow less roughly, and the leaves of autumn will fall more gently than on another, it is on these soldier's graves.

But I speak now for the living—for those who make good in suffering and in blood, at the sword's point, our own brave speeches—who bear the cross, that we, at last, may wear the crown—for those who give us those great days, which, to our children, are an inheritance better than riches, and of which our posterity, long generations hence, shall read with quickened pulses and eyes dimmed with tears. For such as fought upon the bloody fields of Hanover and Malvern, of Antietam and Gettysburg, of Chattenooga, or the bloodier and more recent battles of the Wilderness.

I speak for the seamen of our navy—for men such as fought the gallant Cumberland and went down with her, nobly disdaining to surrender, as she was sinking fast beneath the engulphing ocean, with the banner of our country proudly floating from her mast-head,